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'Do Not Make My Father's House a Place of Business.'

Once when the lovely spring flowers told Jesus that the Passover time was coming, He went up, with His disciples, to Jerusalem. On the map it looks as if Jesus went down to Jerusalem from Capernaum. But Judea is hilly, you remember, and Jerusalem is built on hills. That is why we say He went up.

JESUS DRIVES OUT THE MONEY-CHANGERS FROM THE TEMPLE.

When Jesus had come to Jerusalem you may be sure that His disciples and He soon went to the Temple. But what do you think they saw when they got inside the great Court of the Gentiles? A regular market was going on there. Men were selling oxen and sheep and doves for sacrifice. Others were sitting at little tables changing money. And there must have been plenty of noise, for people in the East shout and quarrel a great deal when they are buying or selling, or doing other business.

Some of the people who had come up to Jerusalem for the Passover had travelled from countries far away. Their money was not like the Jerusalem money, so they really wanted it changed. And the priests would only take one particular kind of money, so even the Jerusalem Jews had to go to the money-changers. But the sellers and money-changers had no business in the Courts of the Temple. How came they to be there? Ah! they gave the priests money; and the priests loved money more than they loved God. So they let the market go on.

When Jesus saw what was being done, He was angry; and He made a whip with pieces of cord, and He drove away all the people who were selling in the Temple. And He turned out the sheep and the oxen; and He told the men who sold doves to take them away, and not turn His Father's house into a shop. Jesus upset the tables of the money-changers too, and poured out their money. Those money-changers got a great deal of their money by being unfair to other people. Perhaps that was one reason why Jesus poured their gold and their silver away.

We feel shocked about those money-changers and sellers of animals. But I am afraid that often we are very much like them. We do not take oxen and sheep and doves into God's House; but often we take silly thoughts and idle thoughts and wrong thoughts with us. And we do not change money, and do other things like that when we go into God's house; but often when we are kneeling down, in church or at home, we begin to think about our work and our play. People who come in suppose we are praying; but Jesus sees into our hearts, and He whispers: "Send these thoughts away. Do not make My Father's house a place of business.—'The Children's Way.'

What Can a Friend do for a Foreign Missionary.

(The Rev. Robert A. Hume, India, in the Congregationalist.')

The appropriations of missionary societies never supply all that a missionary needs for his best effectiveness or for all his work. So there are many things which a friend can do to help him become a larger, better, stronger man.

In general, whatever would be helpful to any worker where quickening, uplifting influences were few would be specially helpful to a foreign missionary. A letter, postcard, newspaper, magazine, book, photograph with name attached, or whatever is of a personal character is most helpful to one far away amid many influences that tend to deteriorate and depress. One main reason why loving, thoughtful friends, who often think of their representative in foreign lands, do not let him know this in that they are in doubt about his address. One can always and easily find a missionary's postal address by (1) inclosing the letter to the missionary society with a five-cent stamp and a request to complete the address; or (2) by sending a reply post card to the society and asking for the address; or (3) by looking for it in a Year-Book or almanac of the society; or (4) by writing to a relative or friend of his.

The foreign missionary is without many of the intellectual enrichments of abundant literature, lectures, conventions, visits, etc. One of the best things that a friend can do for him is to send some reading which will inform or stimulate, or uplift or recreate. A marked article in a newspaper or magazine, or a book or a subscription to some periodical will add to a missionary's power. When one has read a book or has reviewed it for the press, he could sometimes send it

to one missionary and another time to another.

It is astonishing how much good a little money sent to do 'just as you want to' with will do. There are always many kinds of benevolent work for which mission funds cannot be secured which ought to be done and which greatly add to the efficiency and happiness of the missionary, but which can be undertaken only if he has some gift to use at his discretion.

Money can always and easily be sent to a missionary (1) by sending it to the treasurer of his society with a request to forward it as a 'special' donation or as a 'private remittance'; or (2) in any large American town a foreign money order for a very small sum or for a large sum can be bought for a country like India just as easily as a money order to the next town, and the exact current value of the money will be promptly taken to the very house of the missionary for whom it is sent without the sender's even writing to him about it; or (3) through any bank one can easily procure a draft on London for any sum payable to the missionary, and when this draft is sent to him he can easily get it cashed.

If a friend wanted to do some great service to a missionary he might help him to get a bicycle or a typewriter or a sciopticon and slides or a communion set, or an organ for church or Sunday Schools, all of which are most useful in his work. And, after all, nothing is so helpful to one far away and unable to do many of the things that he would be most glad to do for parents, children and others as to have a friend at home be thoughtful for such.

If the missionary is a lady she would be helped by the very things which would be grateful to a lady anywhere.

If one hears criticisms on the work of missions to which some specific answer would be helpful, it may be a kindness to ask your missionary friend to write out his view of the matters under criticism and, if his statement is fitted to be useful in print, get it inserted in some good newspaper.

If an acknowledgment of a letter or gift does not come write again and inquire. Occasionally a letter miscarries. Sometimes sickness or pressure of work cause delay in making proper acknowledgment, and then after long delay the writing is neglected, though of course it ought not to be. Bear with some weaknesses in the friend far away.

To the Wheat Field.

'Give us this day our daily bread.'

(John B. Tabb, in the 'Christian Age.')

'O Wheat,' the Wind in passing said,
'Tis you that answers everywhere
This call of Life's incessant prayer.
Bow, then, in reverence your head,
For 'tis the Master's gift you bear.'

Open-air Preaching.

The truth is, that many professing Christians hold open-air preaching in contempt as being something 'infra dig.'; hence it has been undertaken by a few earnest workers only. Such people need converting to a true sense of responsibility. On the other hand, there is need for open-air preaching to be raised to its true dignity. The best men available are needed for it. The uttering of platitudes and the advertising of ignorance can do no good whatever. A man needs both natural and spiritual gifts of an exceptional order to arrest and detain a shifting, listless crowd. But there is no work more necessary nor more fruitful than this. The best preachers of all ages have preached largely in the open air; the Apostles did so, and chief of all, our Lord set the example. If every church would use its opportunity in this direction during the summer, what a harvest would be reaped.

The readers of the NORTHERN MESSENGER will confer a great favor on the publishers by always mentioning the NORTHERN MESSENGER when replying to any advertiser who uses its columns—and the advertiser will also appreciate it.

My Lamp, My Light.

My Saviour, through this world's dark night,
I need a clear and shining light,
To bring my distant Home in sight,
And lead me there.

That I from every snare may flee,
And never wander, Lord, from Thee,
Thy Word unto my feet shall be
My Lamp, my Light.

Its cheering beams around me cast,
Till, darkness ended, danger past,
I reach my Father's Home at last,
And rest with Thee.

—'Friendly Greetings.'

Be Careful of Your Stories.

Are ministers as careful as they ought to be in the stories they tell? There is a question provoked by the following letter from a minister's wife:

'We find the Pastor's Department profitable and amusing, suggestive and illuminative by turns.

'For eleven years I have been the wife of a home missionary pastor. In that time the life of our home has been enriched by the occasional visits of missionaries, evangelists, officers and ministers. We welcome them all, and I am glad to say we are usually stronger and better because of their stay. We have never yet been disappointed in one of them, and have only happy memories of them all in most respects. The little flaw, in my experience, has been the habit which some clever and really consecrated clergymen have of yielding to the temptation to tell sacrilegious and irreverent stories merely because they are pointed and funny. I well remember an evening when three ministers beside my husband and "our son Timothy," looking toward Christian work, sat at my table. Two of my guests were invcterate story tellers, and, as usual, oen led the other on until we were all in a gale of merriment. And then, as so often happens, that inappropriate, almost profane, but irresistibly comical story was produced. We laughed nervously but unwillingly, and I was gratified to see our third guest, one whose life is an inspiration and whose healty laugh is a most infectious sound, look gravely at our young friend and check the laughter but just begun. As for son Timothy, his look of amazement should have been reproof enough, but my jolly guests were absorbed in their own enjoyment, and another story as bad as the last was forced upon us.

'This has happened more than once in my house, and elsewhere under my observation, even in groups of missionary heroes whose very names are an incentive to the sacrificial life.

'It must be that this matter has never received their sober attention, or that they do not realize how far they go.

'May it not be that it is possible to tell a good story to the glory of God?'—The Rev. W. E. Barton, D.D., in the 'Advocate.'

Napoleon's Witness for Christ.

Napoleon declared: 'Between Him and whosoever else in the world there is no possible term of comparison. I know men, and Jesus Christ is not a mere man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires, and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist. There is between Christ and all other religious founders the distance of infinity; from the first day to the last He is the same, always the same, majestic and simple, infinitely firm and infinitely gentle.' He asked Count Montholon at St. Helena, 'Can you tell me who Jesus was?' The question was declined, and Napoleon proceeded, 'Well, then, I will tell you. Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne and I have founded empires, but upon what did these creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love, and to-day millions would die for Him. I think I know something about human nature, and I tell you all these were men, and I am a man. None else is like Him. Jesus Christ was more than man. I have inspired multitudes with such devotion that they would die for me, but to do this it was necessary that I should be visibly present with the electric influence of my words, my look, my voice. When I saw men and spoke to them I lighted the flames of devotion in their hearts. Christ alone succeeded in so raising the mind toward the unseen that it became insensible to the barriers of time and space.'

A Christian's Insignia.

Few people are aware of the origin of the custom of growing moustaches; but hundreds of years ago this adornment of the face was a sign that the owner was a Christian. The custom first originated in Spain, when the Moors were in possession of that country, prior to their being driven out by the Christians. The Moors were Mohammedans, and it was very difficult to tell the difference between a Mohammedan and a Christian.

The Christians wishing to let their 'light shine before men,' decided to let the hair grow upon the upper lip and on the chin in the form of what is known as the imperial, thus producing the rough form of a cross. In this way the Christians were able to recognize one another at all times, and flocked together when in trouble to make a combined defence.'—'Christian Age.'

Give it To-day.

The past is written, the future is beyond our control, but to-day is ours, and is an opportunity to bestow a gift which will be more welcome than any which money can purchase.

There should be no guesswork concerning affection 'make it plain,' 'write it large.' Silence is golden when it represses bitter words or ignorant comment, but it sinks like lead into the heart which has a right to expect tender and trustful utterances.—'Christian Advocate.'

A New Illustrated Monthly Announced.

The attention of readers of the 'Messenger' is called to the advertisement of Pictorial Publishing Company on Page 16 of this issue, announcing the appearance of a new illustrated monthly to be called 'The Canadian Pictorial.' Its purpose is to present pictures of current events of well-known people, of things beautiful or curious and to appeal to Canadians as the great illustrated papers of London appeal to the English people. It will do work that the newspapers, printed as they must be, many thousand an hour, cannot do. The new monthly printed on specially prepared paper and produced with all the art of the printers and etchers of the present day, will be well worth preserving as a record of the progress of this great Dominion. The publishers of the 'Messenger' are gratified to be able to announce special rates by which every reader will have an opportunity to see what the new periodical is like, and then suscribe for it at extremely low rates.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

The Two Sides of it.

(Priscilla Leonard, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

There was a girl who always said
  Her fate was very hard;
From the one thing she wanted most
  She always was debarred.
There always was a cloudy spot
  Somewhere within her sky;
Nothing was ever quite just right,
  She used to say and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say,
  Whose lot was quite the same,
Found something pleasant for herself
  In every day that came.
Of course things tangled up sometimes,
  For just a little while;
But nothing ever stayed all wrong,
  She used to say, and smile.

So one girl sighed and one girl smiled,
  Through all their lives together.
It didn't come from luck or fate;
  From clear or cloudy weather.
The reason lay within their hearts,
  And colored all outside;
One chose to hope, and one to mope.
  And so they smiled and sighed.

Common Sayings and Their Authors.

Many of our common sayings, so trite and pithy, are used without the least idea from whose pen or mouth they first originated. Probably the words of Shakespeare furnish us with more of these familiar maxims than any other writer, for to him we owe, 'All is not gold that glitters,' 'Make a virtue of necessity,' 'Screw your courage to the sticking place' (not point), 'They laugh that win,' 'This is the short and long of it,' 'Comparisons are odious,' 'As merry as the day is long,' 'A Daniel come to judgment,' 'Frailty, thy name is woman,' and a host of others.

Washington Irving gives 'The almighty dollar.'

Thomas Morgan queried long ago. 'What will Mrs. Grundy say?' while Goldsmith answers, 'Ask no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs.'

Charles Pickney gives 'Millions for defence, but not one cent. for tribute.'

'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens' (not countrymen), appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives, in December, 1720, prepared by General Henry Lee.

Thomas Tasser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us 'Better late than never,' 'Look ere you leap,' and 'The stone that is rolling can gather no moss.'

'All cry and no wool, is found in Butler's 'Hudibras.'

Dryden says: 'None but the brave deserve the fair,' 'Men are but children of a larger growth,' and 'Through thick and thin.'

'When Greek joins Greek, then was the tug of war,' Nathaniel Lee, 1692.

'Of two evils I have chosen the least,' and 'The end must justify the means,' are from Matthew Prior.

We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that 'Richard is himself again.'

Johnson tells us of 'A good hater,' and Macintosh, in 1791, the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, 'Wise and masterly inactivity.'

'Variety is the very spice of life,' and 'Not much the worse for wear,' Cowper. 'Man proposes but God disposes,' Thomas a Kempis.

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, 'Love me little, love me long.'

Edward Coke was of the opinion that 'A man's house is his castle.' To Milton we owe 'The paradise of fools.' 'A wilderness of sweets,' and 'Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness.'

Edward Young tells us 'Death loves a shining mark,' and 'A fool at forty is a fool indeed.'

From Bacon comes 'Knowledge is power,' and Thomas Southerne reminds us that 'Pity's akin to love.'

Dean Swift thought that 'Bread is the staff of life.'

Campbell found that 'Coming events cast their shadows before,' and "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,' 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever' is from Keats.—'Temperance League Journal.'

How to Know a Lady.

I have read many articles purporting to show how a lady may be known. In one of these articles it was asserted that 'a lady may be known by her boots'; in another, 'that she may be known by her gloves,' 'by her neck-wear,' etc. A writer who claimed to be a close observer said that if you gave him but a glimpse of a woman's handkerchief he would tell you whether or not the owner was worthy to bear the title of lady.

I once heard a gentleman say: 'A lady is judged by her laugh.' Again I have heard: 'You can tell a lady by her voice, by the care of her hands and nails, and by the letter she writes.' So I began to put things to the test, and I now tell you the result of my observation .

1. The Boot Test.—The last seat in the car was taken by a faultlessly attired beauty. She had a pretty foot and wore an elegant shoe, which fitted her perfectly. Then a tired-looking mother carrying a heavy, frolicsome baby, entered the car, and stood holding on to a strap, until a very aged and trembling man—evidently a gentleman—insisted that she take his seat, while he held to the strap. My beauty in the patent leather boots had never thought to offer her seat or to hold the baby for the mother.

2. The Handkerchief and Glove Test.—In a large drygoods store I saw a clerk cross the house to pick up a dainty cambric handkerchief for a customer. The handkerchief was accepted by a hand in a neat kid glove; but the owner did not thank the clerk, nor cast even a grateful or pleasant glance in acknowledgment of the favor she had received.

3. The Laugh Test.—I heard a merry-ringing laugh which I would have declared came from a pure, as well as a happy heart; and I afterwards heard the laugher say to her mother: 'It's none of your business who my letters are from.'

4. The Voice Test.—I heard a reader give in the sweetest, most musical voice that old but beautiful poem, 'Somebody's Mother,' and the next day I saw that same reader laugh immoderately at an old woman who fell and scattered her marketing over the pavement.

5. The Hand Test.—Over the keys of the piano swiftly and gracefully moved hands that might well serve as models for sculptor or painter, but those hands on a bitter cold day, rudely closed the door in the face of a woman who was asking alms.

6. The Letter Test.—I once read some letters of faultless rhetoric and pleasing style. They modestly encouraged the attentions of a fond lover; but I learned that the writing of these letters was but the past-time of a heartless flirt.

Then I concluded that, while a lady should be scrupulously neat in her dress, she should cultivate sweetness of voice, and should be able to write an elegant letter; yet all these qualifications, if combined with selfishness or rudeness, would fail to constitute a lady, for one of the chief characteristics of a lady must be forgetfulness of self and consideration for the want of others.—Selected.

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Life's Warfare.

If life is always a warfare
  Between the right and the wrong,
And good is fighting with evil
  For ages and aeons long—

Fighting with eager cohorts,
  With banners pierced and torn,
Shining with sudden splendor,
  Wet with the dew of morn—

If all the forces of heaven,
  And all the forces of sin,
Are met in infinite struggle
  The souls of the world to win—

If God's in the awful battle
  Where the darkling legions ride—
Hasten to sword and to saddle!
  Lord, let me fight on Thy side!

—'Presbyterian.'

The Girl Who Succeeds.

She has so much to do that she has no time for morbid thoughts.

She never thinks for a moment that she is not attractive, nor forgets to look as charming as possible.

She is considerate of the happiness of others, and it is reflected back to her as a looking-glass.

She never permits herself to grow old, for by cultivating all the graces of heart, brain and body, age does not come to her.

She awakens cheerfully in the morning and closes her eyes thankfully at night.

She believes that life has some serious work to do, and that the serious work lies very close to the homely, every-day duties, and that kind words cost nothing.

She is always willing to give suggestions that will help some less fortunate one over the bad places in life's journey.

She is every ready to talk about a book, a picture, or a play, rather than to permit herself to indulge in idle words about another.

She is her own sweet, unaffected womanly self; therein lies the secret of her popularity, of her success.

'Master Wag.'

There was not another dog in the village so smart as Dr. John's 'Wag'—'Master Wag,' people called him. He was as homely an English bull-dog as you would care to see; but he took part in everything that was going on in such an intelligent way, and was so polite and well bred, and knew so many interesting tricks to entertain you with, that you never stopped to think of his personal appearance.

Besides standing on his hind legs and catching a ball in his forepaws, giving a jump or moving from side to side to not miss it, and rapping at the door so that even Dr. John would think it was a person that wanted to come in, Master Wag minded the doctors horse just as well as a boy could have done it.

When Dr. John drove round to see his patients, Master Wag always sat upon the seat beside him, looking very intelligent, bowing whenever Dr. John bowed to a person, and listening with a great air of taking part in the conversation whenever the doctor spoke. When they came to a house where he had to make a call Dr. John would get out, throwing the lines to Master Wag, and the horse always seemed to understand perfectly that he was in Master Wag's charge.

But one morning when the horse was brought out of the stable and was left to wait before the office door for the doctor and Master Wag to come out, he became frightened at a string of exploding firecrackers in the hands of some little boys, and started on a run down the street.

Dr. John rushed out bareheaded, but too late to stop the horse. Master Wag, however, was quicker, and had hopped into the buggy, and out on the shafts, and there everybody saw him standing with his forepaws on the back of the horse as he tore along grasping one line in his mouth, and

barking sharply as if calling 'Whoa! Whoa!'

But Master Wag couldn't stop him— the horse was too frightened—and they all tore headlong down the street, horse, dog, and carriage, Dr. John bareheaded running and panting behind, women and children screaming as they sought to get out of the way, men staring as if they had lost their senses, until a man with more presence of mind than the others sprang out into the middle of the street farther along, and grabbed the bridle, giving the horse's head such a firm shaking that he was brought to a standstill.

And then Master Wag jumped down and ran back to meet the doctor, barking and whining and even growling, in the most earnest way, as if assuring his master that he had done his very best. 'And you could see for yourself,' he said, 'that I didn't leave him until he was caught!'

Dr. John understood.

He stopped and patted the dog's head before he went over to the carriage.

'Yes, Wag,' he said, 'you did your whole duty. You always do.'—Mary Dameron, in 'Little Folks.'

A Chinese Boy's Queue.

When the Chinese boy is old enough he grows a queue. This event in the Chinese boy's life does what the first pair of trousers does for the American boy— changes him from a baby to a boy.

The queue has many uses. In some of the games played by the Chinese boys the queue is used in a variety of ways. The laborer spreads a towel over his head, wraps his queue around it, and makes himself a hat. Cart drivers whip their mules and beggars scare away dogs with their queues. When a Chinese father takes his little son out for a walk he takes hold, not of the boy's hand, but his queue. Sometimes the child follows the father, and, lest he should get lost, the father gives him his queue to hold, and when his little boys want to play horse their queues are always ready to be used for reins.—Selected.

That Little Card.

An East London Experience.

It was a bright, sunshiny day, in early summer when I was visiting in one of our large London hospitals.

Unlike the weather, I was feeling dull and low-spirited; the sunshine, instead of having its usual cheering effect and making me think of better days to come, seemed rather to make matters worse; because, instead of turning the meanest things into gold, as the poets say it does, it made me see what the darker days had hidden, all the filth, squalor, and dirty little corners and courts of the East End of London.

It shone upon the idle women in the doorways, and made me wonder when last they washed either their persons or their clothes! It shone upon the shabby-genteel woman who was taking her bundle of work home, and made her poor black dress look like something which a poet would again call gold, but which is known in the work-a-day world as rust. It shone upon the tramcars and made me want to walk rather than ride in them; and so it kept on shining, all the way to the hospital, making me more and more sour every step of the way.

Arriving at the hospital, I took my place by the bedside of the patient I had gone specially to see; and, after talking to her for a short time, my eyes wandered over the ward to the other patients who were sitting and lying about. The traces of sin that were to be seen in the streets outside were here too, stamped upon the faces of these women and girls, marring their beauty, and robbing them of the sweetness and gentleness which God gives to all true women!

As I looked at them, I forgot for a moment that I was their 'sister,' and a cold hard feeling crept into my heart. I wanted to turn from them, to go away, right away from all the sin that I supposed was foreign to my nature, and forget it all in my own home by the sea.

But just at that moment the door of the ward opened and another visitor appeared, an elderly lady this time, whose face looked sweet through suffering; she was carrying a large basket which was filled with little bunches of fresh country flowers, and attached to each bunch was a little text. I watched her as she went from bed to bed distributing her gifts, and wished for a moment that I, too, was an elderly lady, and most of my battles fought and done with. Presently she came to my patient, and, after giving her some flowers, she looked at me and said, 'Would you like a bunch?' I took them, and, after she had gone, I looked at the little text that was attached, and these were the words I read, 'Such were some of you, but ye are washed, ye are sanctified.'

It seems a long story to write about a little text, like that, but that text was God's voice to me that afternoon! I thought of the past, and of what the future might have been had it not been for the grace of God. At one time my heart was as dark and stained with sin as the hearts of some of these; but the Saviour found and washed me. And at the remembrance of all that I had been saved from, and even more, the realization of all that I had got, my eyes filled with tears and my heart grew soft and warm. God had spoken to me, and I stood rebuked! And now when the work seems hard because of the hideousness of sin, the words of my little text come to me, 'Such were some of you, but ye are washed, ye are sanctified.'—'Flying Leaves.'

Doubtful Things.

(The Rev. F. B. Meyer, in the 'Golden Rule.')

In the life of every Christian there are many questions which rise perpetually for answer. We puzzle about them in our hours of reverie. We listen with keen intentness to an address or sermon that seems likely to cast light on them, though as often as not we turn away disappointed. We sometimes, in bursts of confidence, intrust them to our friends, asking for help. And yet, after all, we have to waive the verdict; and the solution is given, not definitely or concisely, but by circumstances, or by an entire change in the conditions of our life. May it not be that these debatable matters are allowed to arise to test us? They are the gymnastics of the soul. They do for us what the exercise-ground does for the soldier, and the yards of the training-ship for the young sailor.

It is almost impossible, therefore, to lay down any authoritative rules of conduct. After all, each must decide what is right and wrong for himself. All we can do is to enunciate certain great principles, which always need to be borne in mind.

1. Study the effect of any questionable fellowship or pastime upon the devout life. How many pitfalls there lie on heavily carpeted floors! What disloyalty to the King may be perpetrated in our light and unguarded hours! And how often, when the brilliantly lighted rooms are deserted for the lonely chamber, there is the sense of having lost tone!

Of course, the best and surest deliverance from this evil is to be found in the heightened or deepened soul-life, which can pass through scenes like these so completely at rest in Christ, so steadfastly rooted and grounded in his love, as not to drift before any current, or to be swayed by any breeze. But where this is impossible, where prayer and faith and the girding of the soul are ineffective to keep us to our moorings in Christ, it were better to avoid scenes which always deteriorate and blight and dim.

2. Beware of being brought under the power of any doubtful thing. As soon as that which may be innocent in itself, and lawful for another, becomes imperious in its demand for satisfaction, as soon as it asserts its powers or thunders at the gate of the soul, like the mob before the palace of Versailles demanding bread, then the apostle declares he would have none of it.

We none of us know the strength of the current till we turn to face it, or the force of habit till we essay to lay it aside. Paul, however, refused to allow the current to become swift and strong, or single actions to become habits, unless he were perfectly sure that they came from God and bore him Godward.

Well would it be for each to ponder deeply the habits and practices of life. They may be as innocent as lawn tennis, as healthy as cycling, but just as soon as anything which appears absolutely harmless, and indeed is harmless to others, begins to assume preponderating power, there is nothing for it but to put it aside.

3. Study next the effect on others. Each act of ours influences others for good or ill, as each atom on the seashore affects all other atoms. You, boasting in your freedom and strength, may be able to expose yourself without hurt, where others would simply perish. Is it right to entice men to walk on glaciers to which they are not accustomed, when their shoes are not studded with nails, and no pole is in their hand, and a fall almost certain? Is it right to tempt the weak and inexperienced far out of their depth because you can withstand the motion of the current and the beat of the surf?

4. Do nothing on which you cannot ask the blessing of Christ. In the old days it was thought that if the sign of the cross were made over any vessel that contained poison, it would instantly be shivered in pieces; so whenever some doubtful topic confronts us, let each say: 'Can I do this for Jesus? Can I do it as one who is abiding in fellowship with him? Can I ask his blessing? Can I do it for his glory?' If you can; if, as you look up into his face, he answers you with a smile; if you have the consciousness of being in the current of his life, then hesitate no more, but go forward where the way lies open.

Be a Good Boy; Good-bye.

John L. Shroy, in 'Saturday Evening Post.')

How oft in my dreams I go back to the day
When I stood at our old wooden gate,
And started to school in full battle array.
Well armed with a primer and slate.
And as the latch fell I thought myself free,
And gloried, I fear, on the sly,
Till I heard a kind voice that whispered to me.
'Be a good boy; good-bye.'

'Be a good boy; good-bye.' It seems
They have followed me all these years;
They have given a form to my youthful dreams
And they scattered my foolish fears.
They have stayed my feet on many a brink
Unseen by a blinded eye;
For just in time I would pause and think:
'Be a good boy; good-bye.'

Oh, brother of mine, in the battle of life,
Just starting, or nearing its close,
This motto aloft, in the midst of the strife,
Will conquer wherever it goes.
Mistakes you will make, for each of us errs,
But brother, just honestly try
To accomplish your best. In whatever occurs,
'Be a good boy; good-bye.'

The Intelligence of a Gull.

It is well known that sea gulls never seem to rest! that day after day they will follow a ship, flying easily and without apparent fatigue. You should see them when one of the big vessels leaves the Golden Gate harbor, San Francisco.

A hundred or more brown bodies, with long, sweeping wings, fly off in the wake of the transport. The steward's premises are very soon invaded by passengers gathering up waste bread and food for the birds.

Upon my recent trip one of the gulls dropped fluttering upon the deck, apparently ill. A soldier picked it up, took it to his quarters and fed and cared for it until it became strong again. Then he allowed it to fly away.

But the bird had not forgotten him. Every day it would alight on the deck and wait for this particular man to come and feed it. It followed the boat to Honolulu and finally to Manilla, and where it remained during the two weeks that the transport lay in Manilla, I do not know; but when the vessel turned seaward again, bound for Nagasaki, there was the gull resting on the stern, and there it remained with the ship until it passed the Farallone Islands.

I have often wondered how men ever

came to forget about the sweet and beautiful comradeship that exists between the humans and the birds. Some day I am sure that we shall remember.—The 'New Century Path.'

Davy's Battles.

Davy was studying history, and as he read of the great generals and the battles that they fought he longed to be a man and do some great thing himself. 'Oh, dear!' he said, 'a boy has to wait so long and learn a lot before he can begin.'

'You are mistaken, Davy,' said his sister Ella; 'there is a battle for boys and girls, as well as for men and women.'

'How?' asked Davy.

'You must fight with yourself when you don't want to obey mother, and when you feel angry. Make yourself obey.'

'I believe that I will try,' said Davy.

'Here is a verse that will help,' said Ella: "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." '—'Sunbeam.'

A Manly Boy.

It was a crowded railway station. Every few minutes the street cars emptied their loads at the door, and all hurried as they entered. All were laden with bag, basket, box, or bundle. Every five minutes a stream of people flowed through the door, near which a young man stood and called, 'Rapid Transit for East New York!'

The gate was kept open but a moment, and closed again when enough persons had passed through to fill the two cars upon each train. Those so unfortunate as to be farthest from the door must wait until next time. Among those unfortunate ones was an old Swedish woman, in the heavy shoes and short frock of her native Northland. She had heavy bundles, and, though she had a place by the door, so many pushed against her she could not get out. Her burden was too heavy for her to hold as she stood, and when the rush came she seized one package from the floor by her side, she dropped the other, and, in trying to get it, some one crowded and pushed her aside. The bundle was in the way; an impatient foot kicked it beyond her reach, and before she could recover it again the door was shut. The kind old face looked pitifully troubled.

Suddenly, as she bowed her old gray head to lift the abused bundle from the floor, a bright, boyish face came between her and her treasure, and a pair of strong young hands lifted it to her arms. Surprise and delight struggled in the old wrinkled countenance, and a loud laugh came from two boys whose faces were pressed against the window outside the gate. 'See there, Harry; see Fred; that's what he dashed back for!'

'No; you don't say so. I thought he went for peanuts.'

'No, not for peanuts nor popcorn, but to pick up an old woman's bundle.'

'Yes; what business had she to be right in the way with her budgets?'

'Here comes the train. Shall we wait for him, Harry?' And they pounded the window, and motioned for Fred to come out.

But he shook his head and nodded toward the little old woman at his side. He had her bundles, and her face had lost its anxious look, and was placid as the round face of a holiday Dutch doll.

'Come along, Fred; come along. You'll be left again.'

'Never mind, boys; off with you. I'm going to see her through.'

And they went. And Harry repeated to to Dick, as they seated themselves in the train, 'Isn't he a goose?'

'No,' was the indignant answer; 'he's a man, and I know another fellow who's a goose, and that's I; and Fred makes me ashamed of myself.'

'Pooh, you didn't mean anything, you only gave it a push.'

'I know it, but I feel as mean as if Fred caught me picking her pocket.'

The train whirled away. The next one came. 'Rapid Transit for East New York: all aboard!' shouted the man at the door.

The gate was open. There was another rush. In the crowd was an old Swedish woman; by her side was Fred Monroe. He carried the heavy burden. He put his lithe young figure between her and the press. With the same air he would have shown to his mother, he 'saw her through.' And when the gate shut, I turned to my book with grateful warmth at my heart that, amid much that is rude, chivalry still lives as the crowning charm of a manly boy.—'Silver Cross.'

'You're Wanted.'

'You're wanted!' exclaims the policeman as he taps the suspect or criminal on the shoulder and proceeds to slap the handcuffs on his wrists. 'You're wanted!' cries the messenger, herald of some calamity, who rings the door-bell of the physician, summoning his skilled assistance. 'You're wanted!' telegraphs the managing editor of a great daily, demanding the services of an expert war correspondent, whom he would send to Asia or Africa. 'You're wanted!' telephones the mayor or governor, who thinks he has found in this or that individual just the man to fill an important State position. So it runs. Life is a long series of wants. Somewhere there is a man to fill every post and discharge every duty. Success consists in finding that man and bringing the appointment and the deserving candidate together.

If you would rise in life, make yourself wanted—wanted not like the thief, for a bad reason; but like the professional or business man, for a good purpose. A young clerk in a store once asked for an increase of salary. The proprietor give it to him. Shortly afterward the clerk asked for another raise, whereupon the merchant said to him, 'Young man, what you need is not more money, but more usefulness.' Be useful, and you will become indispensable. Put method into your work, and others will put money into your pocket. Plan your work thoroughly, and thoroughly work your plan.' Mix brains with your paint, as did the famous artist, and, above all, put character into all you do. Then you will be wanted, and, best of all, you will be worthy of being wanted.—'Classmate.'

Dear Friend—

If your Sunday School takes the "Northern Messenger" it already knows its value If not, we want to send a sufficient number free that each scholar may have a copy for several consecutive Sundays.

It will then rest entirely with the Officers of the School whether they wish it continued at the low Rate of 20 cents a year in clubs of ten or more This is just half the regular rate and gives nearly three large papers for a cent.

Kindly show this important notice to the Officers of your School—whether you are actively connected with it or not—and suggest that they take advantage of this offer We leave it to you to add what you will regarding the influence of the paper upon the young and the interesting nature of its Contents.

The Northern Messenger is being read by nearly a quarter of a Million Canadian Sunday School Children—the great City Schools all over the Dominion as well as the smallest Cross-roads School according it first place in their hearts.

This is our Diamond Jubilee Year and we ask our friends to Recognize it by introducing the "Northern Messenger" into many new schools.

Will you try for one? It would greatly please us.

Yours Sincerely,
John Dougall & Son,
publishers, Montreal.

N.B.—We will be starting a first class new serial story in a few weeks. Better get in line in time for that. Sunday Schools intending to send in 'Messenger' clubs for the first time for 1907, should remit at once and they will receive

the balance of this year free of charge.

Christian Arithmetic.

Some one has compiled the following rules for Christian Arithmetic from God's Word. The best part of these rules is that we can begin with them when very young, and will never grow too old for them:

Notation—'I will put my laws into their minds, and write them in their hearts.'

Numeration—'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.'

Addition—'Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, love.'

Subtraction—'Let us cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light.'

Multiplication—'Mercy unto you, and peace, and love be multiplied.'

Division—'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.'

Go at it the Right Way, Boys.

We were talking in the Sunday school class about the morning's sermon, and one of the boys said that he didn't understand it, that he hardly ever did, and he wondered if going to church did him any good. It had not been a sermon too difficult for him if he had really been listening and looking for something to help him, so we wondered if Saturday's football game, and the plans he and the other boys had for Monday, or his Latin and algebra lessons, were not the things he was really thinking about during the service, so that he only caught a few words or sentences here and there. How could he expect to be interested if that was the way he listened?

Is is so with all of us. We are apt to carry the week-day thoughts into God's house, and then they shut out the higher thoughts as a shade drawn down before a window shuts out the sunlight and the blue sky and the woods and fields. It is not right. If we are to come into God's presence, and feel the touch of His Spirit, we must come with reverent hearts and minds emptied of trifles. 'The Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him'—the silence of reverent and teachable hearts.

You will find, boys and girls, that if you carry the right spirit with you, you will discover something for you in every service. It is a strange thing, but if you will notice it, you will often find that if anything has been puzzling you, or any special temptation has come to you, you will, in the services of Sunday, or in something you read, find that very subject touched on, and get a light that will make it clear. So there will always be something in the Sunday service, or the prayer meeting, or the Sunday school that will seem specially meant for you, if you look for it. Here are some—

Ways to make Church Helpful.

1. To come with a heart made ready for God's thoughts.

2. To sing the hymns as if they were my own prayer or song of praise.

3. To make the words of the prayer my own, and speak them in my heart to God.

4. To listen to the Scripture reading as God's special message to me.

5. To follow the sermon closely, looking for instruction.

—'Child's Companion.'

The Carpenter Bird.

There is a cunning carpenter who's busy in our tree;
He's making him a house to hold his tiny family,
And finishing it up for them all tidy and all trim.
Hark! Don't you hear his hammer on the old dead limb?
He must be much in earnest, for he works with such a will;
I doubt if any carpenter can show a greater skill,
Or tell with blither cheer until the day grows dim,
With the 'tap, tap,' of his hammer on the old dead limb.
Oh, can you not imagine how his heart with pride will stir
When he gives a building lesson to each little carpenter?
I know it is this thought that seems to bubble and to brim
Whene'er I hear his hammer on the old dead limb.

—'Exchange.'

Scary Girls.

How some girls do like to make a fuss about being scared! They are frightened at this and at that! They are terrified into helplessness at sight of a mouse. Now, girls, a mouse is shy and won't take refuge in your clothes unless you frighten him out of his wits and cut off his retreat in all other directions. He'd much rather be in his own home than in your presence, though that is not complimentary to you. Just be sensible, look at him, see how pretty he is. Rats are bigger, but see how quickly you can make one scamper for dear life. Bees and wasps won't hurt you, if you do not hurt them; nor bats, nor snakes, nor beetles, nor bugs. The only time to fear a cow is when she has a young calf. At other times the old cow herself would laugh if she could know that you are afraid of her stupid self.

It is often true that the very girl who will startle the whole household at sight of a trembling little mouse, is quite apt to think it nothing but fun to ride behind a half-broken horse.

She will almost lose her mind at sight of a buzzing bee and recklessly cross a street in front of a buzzing trolley cart. A snake, oh, dear! How she will run to get away from it! But she is not a bit afraid to caress a cat or dog that has been prowling around in refuse heaps and gathering all manner of germs.

Try not to cultivate the habit of panic by going into a state of fear over things that cannot hurt you. If you let yourself be ready to be frightened at every new sight or experience you lose the best of the new. If you imagine things in order to be scared, you make fear your master.

Find out what to be afraid of; know the difference between a foolish scare and caution. Then try to be brave and cool when danger comes. That is to be truly heroic, and heroism is very becoming to any girl, much more so than panic or hysterics.—'Wellspring.'

Misused Sundays.

Dean Paget says. 'Sunday is our best, if not our only, hope of self-preservation.' It is very easy to misuse Sunday; most people do. Some people treat it as if it was just like the other six days of the week. Perhaps they go to church once or twice, but they never try to turn their thoughts off the usual worries and anxieties of daily life, and so, poor things, they never get refreshed and strengthened to begin another week.

Some, who are fond of calling it the Day of Rest, lie in bed till noon, and do absolutely nothing when they get up. They then wonder why they do not like going back to work on Monday morning. Truly a wasted Sunday is a sad loss.

And there are those who think they will enjoy themselves by tearing about all day, —never resting, never thinking. The demands of pleasure grow quickly if we never resist them. Sunday is our one hope of preservation from the wear and tear and worldliness of the world. Few seem to know that in misusing Sunday they are defrauding themselves, fatally injuring their own characters, missing every week an opportunity of moving nearer to God.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Digging for Apples.

A man was laboriously digging in the earth. He had already made a hole in which half the length of his leg disappeared, and was making it still deeper. Children were playing near by. Made curious, they approached the man at work, and asked, 'What are you digging for?'

'Apples,' answered he.

Unanimously the youthful flock burst into Homeric laughter. 'He is digging for apples!- What a joke. . . . Apples in the ground. He must be thinking of potatoes! . . . But apples—it is too funny! . . . Ha, ha, ha!'

'Can't you see that he is laughing at us?' said one of the more shrewd among the company. 'Let us go along and leave him to his apples.'

'Laughing a you? 'answered the man. 'Indeed not, children. What I tell you is postive fact. There is neither joke in it nor nonsense. I am digging this hole in order to have apples, and, if you will wait a moment, you will understand.'

After taking out a few more spadesful of earth, the man thought the hole sufficiently deep, dumped into it a basketful of rich soil, went off, and returned, bringing a little sapling which he carefully planted beneath the attentive eyes of the children.

The operation complete, he said to them: 'You see, I told you the truth. In two or three years from now this young apple tree will blossom. The following autumn it will bear fruit. You shall come and taste the apples with me.'

If you would one day see golden, juicy fruit swinging above your head, you must begin by digging a hole in the ground.—'Christian Age.'

BOYS' WATCH FREE

We will give this handsome Watch free to any boy who sells twenty-four copies of the new illustrated monthly, "The Canadian Pictorial"—at ten cents a copy (with a ten cent coupon in each).

The watch has a beautiful silvered nickel case, handsomely polished, a hard enamelled dial, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, and reliable American movement. It will last with care for years.

'THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL' is a new paper. Sure to sell like wildfire. Will delight everyone. See full page announcement elsewhere in this issue, and show it to your friends, thus securing their interest in advance. Send us a postcard—we send the papers postpaid, and when you remit us the $2.40, we send the watch by return mail.

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St. Cecilia of the Court

By ISABELLA R. HESS.

By special arrangement with the Publishers, The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and London.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

But the day came to a close, as even wonderful days do, and Cecilia went back to the hospital reluctantly to stay over night. But she had a secret to be happy over, which Mr. Daniels said she wasn't even to tell Puddin'—the next week, when Jim was strong enough to sit up, Mr. Daniels was going to have a party, a real party, a surprise party, on Jim. He had told her all about it, and she was to help him plan things—if she were good, and didn't refuse to stay at the hospital, and did precisely as she was told.

Then came a whole wonderful week. A week of watching with Puddin', who was allowed to sit up for a little while each day, held tightly in the iron brace—a week of wonderful meals, such as made her wonder if she ever had been really hungry—of going to bed in a spotless room between spotless sheets, that made her wonder if she were the same little girl who had once gone shivering to bed, afraid to move lest her mother should awaken—of wonderful trips down town with Mr. Daniels, when she felt as if she really were of kin to the other little girls in the shops. And after the whole week of planning, of marvellous anticipation, came the Sunday of the party, a clear, mild, sunshiny Sunday.

Everybody in the hospital knew abopt it, from Dr. Hanauer, who wished he weren't too busy to accept Mr. Daniels' very kind invitation, way down to the littlest girl, who dressed her doll once every ten minutes in party attire, in honor of the event. And when the carriage came for them at noon, Cecilia whispered lovingly to Puddin', 'I'm awful sorry you can't come, Puddin' darling! But never mind, son you'll be all right,' and Puddin' only laughed as if he didn't mind it at all.

When Mr. Daniels and Cecilia got to the Court, they found that all the Court knew of it too, for Mrs. Daley and Mickey, who were the only invited guests, had triumphantly announced it at the pump on Friday. When at length they had made their way between the lines of admiring friends (Jimmy Flynn had ecstatically remarked, 'Ain't it jest like a funeral!') they found that Mickey and his mother had arrived a full hour before, being escorted to the shop by almost the entire population of the Court. Cecilia couldn't believe this was Jim's old shop, this beautiful place—she didn't know how many trips Mr. Daniels had made to the Court that week!

The walls of the shop, once a dingy gray, were covered with a pretty blue paper, and two pictures hung there; the floor was covered with a bright colored linoleum. Jim's old wooden bed had been replaced by a white iron one, and a rocking-chair with gay denim pillows looked cozily inviting. Even the stove had been replaced by a newer, shinier one, and a little shelved cabinet was filled with dishes. On the little shelf under Margaret's picture, stood a quaint vase, holding a great bunch of carnations. Jim sat in a great cushioned chair by the bed, wearing a bath robe of elder-down, and looking very happy, although very pale.

Cecilia saw it all in one long lingering glance, and then she clasped her hands tightly, and said, 'Oh, Jim!'

'And is that all you can say?' Jim's voice was like his old cheery tones. 'I was thinking you'd be saying lots when you'd be coming in!'

'I can't Jim, oh, I can't!' Her voice shook as if the tears were holding the words back. 'But I feel it here,' and she held her hand tightly to her breast.

Then Mr. Daniels put them all at their ease by enquiring very minutely after Mrs. Daley's offspring, individually and collectively, and he listened gravely and appreciatively to a recital of their various temperaments. Mrs. Daley felt precisely in her element—she had always known that the fates had meant her for society; the elegance of her attire helped her the more to be wholly complacent. Her hair was done high upon her head, and on its summit swayed a gigantic daisy, ripped from Josie Daley's summer hat. Mrs. O'Reilly had lent for the occasion her Sunday gown, which, being somewhat snug for portly Mrs. Daley, was helped out in the front by the folds of a great red silk handkerchief, contributed by Mrs. Grogan. If the skirt was somewhat short, owing to an unkind Nature making Mrs. O'Reilly several inches shorter than the wearer, then it only served, as Mrs. Daley remarked to Mickey, to show off her shoes, which were almost new, having been purchased by Mr. Daley in a spell of reckless extravagance. She saw the admiration in Mr. Daniels' eyes, and graciously remarked, 'I am always telling Mickey here, 'tis manners shows off people. All of my people was brought up to manners!'

'I'm sure they were,' he answered gravely, his eyes fixed upon the nodding daisy, which at every word of Mrs. Daley's, threatened to fall off. 'As soon as I saw Mickey I knew his mother had taught him manners.'

'Listen to that now, Mickey!' She was so gratified she couldn't sit still, and rose to smooth out the folds of Jim's gown. ''Tis proud I am to hear it, and 'tis proud I am to be here this day!'

'Me, too' announced Mickey, as clearly as he could, his gigantic collar threatening to sever his jugular vein if he talked too freely.

Cecilia, her thin face glowing, her hand on Jim's, happily quavered an echo, 'Me, too!'

And what could Mr. Daniels do but add his tremendous bass voice, and shout so vociferously as to startle them all, 'Me, too!' And then he asked if they weren't all hungry, as for him, he was actually starving.

And the nurse laughed, and said she'd serve right away, when St. Cecilia jumped wildly to her feet, and shrieked 'Look!' and then the door opened, and in came Dr. Hanauer, and back of him, carried tenderly, came Puddin', who, too excited to even feel the brace, was yelling shrilly, 'Hello, Jim! Hello, Celie! Hello, Mr. Daniels! Hello, Hello! Hello!' and Dr. Hanauer only laughed and said he guessed this was his surprise party, and not Mr. Daniels'. And when all had quieted down again, they sat down to dinner, such a dinner as some of them had never dreamed of. The capacity of that oven seemed exhaustless! Only to be measured perhaps by the capacity of the diners. There was soup, and chicken, and little loaves of bread, and potatoes and peas and salad, and when they thought everything was over, and Mickey had opened his coat to allow for expansion, why, then the nurse brought on ice cream! Cecilia and Puddin' had had it in the hospital, but Mickey knew only of the little one-cent frozen bars sold by the venders—so he looked in delighted amazement at the pink and white square, and whispered ecstatically, 'Ma, it's ice cream!'

'Don't be eatin' too much, Mickey, it ain't manners,' came the excited answer.

But Mickey forgot his manners, and to his mother's indignation announced, 'I thought I was full, but I'll eat this or bust!'

(To be continued.)

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Silly Sheep.

Joe came home with his clothes, and even his little curls, all wringing wet. 'I knew the ice wasn't strong enough!' he grumbled.

'Then why did you slide?' asked aunty.

''Cause all the other boys did,' said Joe; 'so I had to, or they'd laugh.'

His aunt gave him dry clothes, set him down behind the stove, and made him drink hot ginger tea. Then she told him a story.

'When I was a litle girl, Joe, my father had a great flock of sheep. They were queer things; where one went, all the rest followed. One day the big ram found a gap in the fence, and he thought it would be fun to see what was in the other field. So in he jumped, without looking where he was going, and down he tumbled to the bottom of an old dry well where father used to throw stones and rubbish.

'The next sheep never stopped to see what had become of him, but jumped right after him, and the next and the next, although father tried to drive them back, and Watch, the old sheep dog, barked his very loudest. But they just kept on jumping and jumping, till the well was full. Then father had to pull them out as best he could, and the sheep at the bottom of the well were almost smothered to death.'

'What silly fellows!' exclaimed Joe.

Then he looked up at his aunt and laughed.

Does the cap fit you?—'Friendly Greetings.'

In a Looking Glass.

The world is a looking glass,
Wherein ourselves are shown,
Kindness for kindness, cheer for cheer,
Coldness for gloom, repulse for fear.
To every soul its own.
We cannot change the world a whit,
Only ourselves which look in it.

—Susan Coolidge.

Cheating Ourselves of Life.

Morning prayer cannot safely be deferred until to-night or to-morrow. Many a to-day has been seriously harmed by such deferring. The temptation to weaken ourselves in this way by lack of spiritual oxygen is increasingly present in these complex days of crowding pressure, when man's business as well as the king's business requireth haste. To yield to the temptation is to lose both time and strength. And hurried or abbreviated prayer is almost as weakening as no prayer at all. If the summons Home should come to-night, we should be sorry to have to face the King without having had our full, loving conference with him early in the day. It would be a poor memory for our last day on earth. It is a poor memory for any day on earth.—'Sunday School Times.'

A Boy's Religion.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, though he can't lead a prayer meeting or be a church officer or a preacher, he can be a godly boy in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, climb, and yell like a real boy. But in it all he ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought not to use tobacco in any form, and should have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, and generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against larger ones. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution or deceit. And, above all things, he ought now and then to show his colors. He should not always be interrupting a game to say that he is a Christian, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for things of God he feels the deepest reverence.—Selected.

BEN, OUR PUPPY.

Stories of Our Pets.

A Mischievous Puppy.

I am a puppy, and I go blundering about the place trying to get into holes that are too small for me; and I am rather fond of boots and shoes and kid gloves to exercise my teeth upon, and I am not in the least degree particular whether the boots and shoes and gloves are old or new: in either case they answer my purpose just the same. If anything in the way of kid or leather is not to be found, I manage to content myself with the sleeve of a coat, or a gentleman's silk hat, or any trifle such as a lady's bonnet, or even a fur muff.

My parents were large creatures, and took up some space in the world, and if I live long enough I shall be a large dog, too, and then I shall take care of the house, and go for long walks with my master, and shall look down upon other dogs who are not so high up in the world as myself.

As it is, puppy though they call me, I am far from being small; but my limbs are not altogether under my control, and I go blundering about in a manner which seems greatly to amuse my young master.

To-day I am in disgrace. To begin with: I had a good chase after the hens this morning, and cook, who caught me in the act, rapped me sharply on the head and drove me out of the yard.

Then I made my way into the house, and Master Charles, to whom I belong, had a good game with me; and he was teaching me how to shake and worry a handkerchief which he made believe to be a rat, when I had the misfortune in my excitement to take the leg of his trousers between my teeth, which tore it badly, and I was driven out of the nursery in disgrace.

Of course it was the fault of the servant who was ordered to take me to the stables, that, instead of doing so, she loitered to talk to another servant, and I escaped without being observed into my mistress's bedroom.

I looked about to find something with which to amuse myself, and there on the floor outside the wardrobe was a cardboard box with the lid off.

Naturally enough I looked in and saw something that pleased me greatly, and that seemed so pretty, I felt certain it would be good to eat. It didn't smell like anything appetising, to be sure, but I took it in my mouth, and gave it a shake, and was trying with my teeth to break the white, shining beads that they called pearls, when I heard a shriek behind me, and the housemaid cried, in as much dismay as though the house had been on fire, 'That wretched puppy has got the mistress's new cap!'

Then, to my sorrow, I was whipped, and carried by the skin of the neck out to the stables and thrown down upon the straw, and there I was left alone to whine and cry as long as I liked.

But whining and crying would not open the stable-door, and the sunlight was streaming in through the window, and there were some curious flies with long legs flying against the walls, and as I am naturally of a cheerful disposition I left off crying, and went over to look at them.

They were very funny things; their legs were so long, and their bodies so short, and one of them came flying close to me, and at last I put up one of my paws to touch it, and feel what it was like, when Master Charlie called out from the doorway, 'Ben, Ben, leave that daddy-longlegs alone!' and I was so startled that the fly escaped me, and I bounded out of the stable, rejoiced once more to be free.—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept. it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Rivals.

The sun went down one summer eve
In a glory of golden and crimson light,
And a cloud sailing by in the rosy west
Said, 'Why so happy and gay to-night?'

'Because,' said the sun as he sank to rest,
'I have done nothing else this beautiful day
But travel across yon bright blue dome
And watch the children play.'

But the stars had heard, as one by one
Overhead they came out to peep,
And they said to each other, 'We're happy, too,
For we watch the children sleep.'
—'Child's Hour.'

Tip, Top and Toe.

(By Emma F. Bush, in 'The Child's Hour.')

Alice lives in a white house with green blinds. Marion lives in a brown house. Helen lives in a house painted red and brown. The three houses are side by side. Alice's house has a garden. Alice, Marion, and Helen play together in the garden.

Alice has a little kitten. The kitten is white. The tip of his tail is black. Alice calls him Tip.

Marion has a black kitten. He has one white spot on the top of his head. Marion calls him Top.

Helen has a gray kitten. He has one white foot. Helen calls him Toe.

Tip, Top, and Toe play together, too. Sometimes they play in the garden.

One day Alice said, 'Mamma, I wish I could have a party.'

'You may have Marion and Helen to tea in the garden,' said mamma.

'Oh! you dear Mamma,' cried Alice, hugging her.

Tip was sitting on the floor. He was watching Alice. 'Meow—meow,' he said.

'Do you want a party, too, Tip?' asked Alice.

'Purr—purr,' said Tip.

'He may have Top and Toe come to tea,' said mamma. 'They may come with Marion and Helen.'

Alice ran to invite Marion and Helen. Tip ran away, too. Did he go to tell Top and Toe? At four o'clock Marion and Helen came to the party. They brought Top and Toe. Top had a red ribbon around his neck. Toe had a blue ribbon. Tip's ribbon was pink.

Alice, Marion, and Helen ran races in the garden. Tip, Top, and Toe ran races, too.

Mamma called them to tea. The table was in the garden. It was Alice's little table. On the table were hot rolls. Mamma put a big dish of strawberries on the table. They ate the strawberries with sugar and cream.

Mamma gave Tip, Top, and Toe each a saucer of milk. Top lapped his up first. Then he put his paws in Toe's dish. Toe growled and spit. 'You are a naughty kitty, Top,' said Marion. 'You should not touch Toe's milk.'

After the strawberries were eaten they had ice-cream and cake.

Mamma gave Tip, Top, and Toe some ice-cream. Toe liked it very much. He wanted some more. He jumped onto the table. He put his nose in the dish of ice-cream. 'You must not do that, Toe,' said Helen. 'I think it is time you went home.'

'He does not know any better,' said mamma. 'Little girls and boys know they must be polite at the table. Little kittens do not know they must not touch the food. Toe did not know any other way to ask for more. We will give Toe some more ice-cream.'

'I am glad Tip knew how to behave,' said Alice.

Rover's Dog.

(Alice Turner Curtis, in 'N. C. Advocate.')

Rover is a red setter, and he usually lies on the front porch. He does not like other dogs, and if they stop at the gate or poke their noses through the fence Rover runs down and barks fiercely at them.

One day Philip was looking out of the window, and he saw a very small black dog crawl under the gate. Rover was on the porch, and litted his head, but did not even growl as the little dog trotted up the path. The little dog went directly past Rover, and came up to the window where Philip stood, and put his little paws up against the glass and whined.

'O mamma!' called Philip, 'come and see this little black dog!'

Mamma came and looked out, 'We must send it right away,' she said, and shooed the little dog off the porch and out of the yard. Rover did not growl. He looked quite indifferent, and as if it were no concern of his.

When Philip went into the back yard to play that afternoon he found the little black dog was there, and sharing Rover's dinner. Rover did not seem to take any notice of the strange little dog. Philip drove the little dog out of the back yard, and Rover went back to the front porch.

When papa came home at night the little black dog was sitting beside Rover. Papa drove him away, but he would not go farther than the gate.

The next morning he was back again, and shared Rover's breakfast, and when Rover went to the porch for his morning's nap the little black dog stationed himself at the gate, looking very smart and alert. He barked at every dog which ventured near, and barked at peddlers, looking over his shoulder at Rover now and then, as if to say, 'See what a help I am, doing all your barking for you!' and Rover 'whoofed' approvingly, and took his ease, while the new friend whisked busily about full of importance, and so in a few days the family decided that the little black dog had come to stay, and mamma named him 'Blackie.' He followed Rover everywhere, and papa said he believed Rover had decided to keep a dog himself, as an assistant, and after that the little fellow was known by the whole family as 'Rover's dog.'

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Correspondence

Poona.

My Dear Fellow-students in Canada,—I am going to tell you something about my school and myself. I attend the Victoria High School, which is opposite the telegraph office. It is situated on a public road, and is a large compound. It has two storeys, the bottom devoted to young children from standards I. to IV., and the upper to bigger ones, from standards V. to IX. We are taught English, French, history, arithmetic, drawing, plain needlework, fancy work, drill, and many other things. The little children have kindergarten, and there are different teachers for different subjects. Our school hours are from 10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. We have recess from 1 a.m. to 2 p.m. Before commencing school we have to sing a hymn, and read a few verses out of the Bible. After that we have our Scripture lesson, which lasts for three quarters of an hour. After that we go to our classes. We have lectures every Friday. Besides being a day school, there is another building in the Compound, which is devoted to boarders. This building also consists of two large storeys. The lower storey is devoted to a large dining-room, dressing rooms, bathrooms, and the Principal's rooms. The upper storey is devoted to bedrooms. Close to this building, in the same compound, there is a large house, where the Principal and her children stay. There are also rooms for the teachers. In front of the house there is a large garden, with flowers such as violets, roses, jassimines, sunflowers, lilies, pansies, etc. I am a Jewess, and am in the 7th standard. I attend the Sewer's Band every Tuesday, from 5.30 to 6.30 p.m. This band consists of children, who sew clothes for the poor. The girls make jackets, skirts, bandages, etc. The boys are taught to paint pictures, carve wood, carpentering, etc. We Jewish pupils have service on Saturdays from 7 to 9 a.m. and from 7 to 8 p.m. I went up for my First Grade drawing exams, in September, and was successful. I have two sisters and six brothers; four of the elder ones attend school. I am very fond of reading, and I have read so many books that I can only give you the names of a few, which are: 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'Home and School,' 'What Katy did Next,' 'Little Fishers and their Nets,' 'Little Women,' 'Queechy,' 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' 'Odd,' 'Teddy's Button,' 'A Puzzling Pair,' 'Beulah,' 'A Mountain Daisy,' 'The end of a Coil,' 'Daisy,' 'Esther Reid yet Speaking,' a few of the 'Elsie' series, and many others.

FLORENCE EZEKIEL (age 13).

[This letter comes all the way from India, and it is interesting to see how much the same life is for a little girl there as it is in Canada.—Ed.]

B. R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day, and am in the second book. I have two sisters, and one brother. I am the youngest. I have a pet hen, and call her Biddy. We live two miles away from the school, and so have a long way to walk. My brother has a pet sheep, he calls her Daisy. I think I can guess some of the riddles. The left side of a round plum pudding is the side that is not eaten. Something I got from my mother, all full of holes, and none of them through, is a thimble.

Harry Matthews' riddle:

'The beginning of Eternity
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end
And the end of every race'

is the letter E.

I will send a riddle, too: —

A marble wall as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,
Within the skin a crystal clear
Then a gold apple does appear.

E. A. P. (aged 8.)

W. S., N.M.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years of age. I have a little brother eight years of age. I go to school in a big brick schoolhouse. I am in the third grade, and my brother is in the second grade. Mamma has some chickens and three ducks. Papa is hauling coal. We have five pet rabbits. I go to Sunday school. My Sunday school teacher gives me the 'Messenger.'

FRANK WILLIAMS.

H., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have not been taking the 'Messenger' very long, but like it very much. I got it as a present. I have a little baby brother, which was born on the 1st of October last year. I have one sister and four brothers. I was eleven on December 15th.

SADIE I. BRYSON.

P. A., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I have three brothers, but no sisters. I have three pets, two dogs and a cat. The name of one of our dog's is Jack. He is a water-spaniel. The other's name is Cover. He is a wire-haired fox terrier. I like reading very much. I have read a great many books.. I go to school, and like my teacher very much.

MYRTLE K.

C. B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I received the 'Maple Leaf' brooch you sent me, and am very much pleased with it. I have read quite a few nice story books. I enjoy reading 'Saint Cecilia of the Court,' and think it is a very nice story. I am going to school, and there are three in my class. They are all girls. I wish the 'Northern Messenger' every success.

S. T. H.

N. H., Manchester, Eng.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl living in England, but I thought you would like a letter from me, although I am English. Your paper was made known to me, by a kind auntie in Canada, and I think it is very interesting, so I will wish you and it every success.

I go to school regularly, for it is just facing our house, and we have no severe weather to prevent children attending, as in Canada.

We have just been promoted into higher standards, or classes.

I am now in standard six, and we have got such a nice teacher. His name is Mr. G. I have been in his class just a week, and have only one bad mark. Your correspondents of the 'Messenger' are very fond of reading, I see. We have got the 'Elsie' and 'Mildred' books in England. I like reading exceedingly, and possess some of them. Here are some of our English riddles:—

What goes up white and comes down yellow? al

What is the difference between an engine-driver and a school-master?

ELSIE HOLDER.

(We are very glad to hear from you, Elsie, not 'although,' but 'because,' you are English.—Ed.)

R., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years old, and live on a farm four miles from the town of R. I have four brothers and two sisters. For pets we have one pup, two little kittens, and two pigeons. There is a lovely lake on our farm. We have a boat on it, and all enjoy rowing in the boat very much. We moved from the East last spring. I went to school there, but cannot go now as school is closed. Our farm is a very pretty place in summer. There are a great number of trees in our garden.

MYRTLE B. LUNN.

D., Nebr.

Dear Editor,—I will be fourteen years old the 29th of August. I live on a farm of 160 acres. We have four horses, fourteen head of cattle two dogs, one cat, and fifteen hogs. I think I can answer R. Hamilton's question, 'Why is a horse like a stick of candy?' The more you lick it the faster it goes. I think Harry E. Matthew's riddle is the letter E. I will close with a riddle: 'Why is a four quart measure like a side saddle.

ERNEST AUSTIN.

D., Nebr.

Dear Editor,—I think the pin you sent me was very pretty, and thank you for it very much. Our school begins Monday, Sept. 3. Our teacher is Miss V. I will send a riddle: What is the difference between Uncle Sam and an old maid, and a rooster?

JOSEPHINE AUSTIN.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, so I thought I would write and thank you for the Maple Leaf brooch you sent to me. I think it is very nice. I have two little brothers; their names are John and Archie. We have thirteen little calves and two little colts. I live half a mile from school, and am in the senior third book.

MRYTLE YOUNG (aged 9.)

K., N. Y.

Dear Editor,—I have had a good time during the vacation, working a little and playing a good deal. My pa says I can take the 'Messenger' as long as you put in such good things as,—'Not Ashamed,' 'How a boy can be a Gentleman,' 'The Heavenly Father, and Prodigal Son,' and 'A Boy's Duty.'

WARREN H. THOMPSON.

MORE LETTERS.

Frank Maclean writes from M. T., N.S., and sends a riddle, but it has already been asked. Write and tell about those fifty-eight chickens you have for pets, Frank, and not every boy is lucky enough to have a black colt of his own to write about.

Florence Buelly, O., Sask., sends in these two riddles: 1. Why is a hotel waiter like a racehorse? 2. Where was Humboldt going when he was thirty-nine years old?

Edwina Elliott, C., N.S., answers Alfred J. Duke's problem, and says she has not missed Sunday School once since Easter. Keep up the school for the year, Edwina.

Janet Wolfraim, C., Ont., is another one to sent in the answer to Warren W. B.'s riddle correctly. She also suggests a good text for the letter L in Eva Nichols' incomplete alphabet—'Little children love one another—'and asks what chapter in the Bible contains four verses all alike.

Violet Smith, M., Que., writes about a drawing on which she forgot to write her name. That one is lost, Violet, but you sent us a very pretty drawing of Robin Redbreast, that found a well deserved place.

Here is a good Bible riddle that interested the editor, and the best of it is you can look it up just as soon as you give in that you can't guess it.

'It is a word I like to hear,
Though not of English birth;
A gentle word that fitly falls
From hapless sons of earth.
From patient souls that seek and love
The help that cometh from above.
No plainer words, no simpler words
To baby lips belong
For turn this way or turn it that,
You cannot turn it wrong,
And yet the holiest lips were heard
To utter first this simple word,
But, oh! how much they mean,
They touch on earth, they soar to heaven.
They span the grief between,
And when its mission here is o'er
This word shall reach the furthest shore.'

—See Mark xiv., 36.

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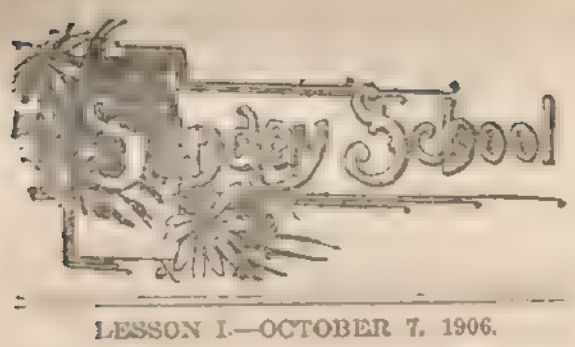

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 7. 1906.

The Two Great Commandments.

Mark xii., 28-34; 38-44.

Golden Text.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.—Mark xii., 30.

Home Readings.

Monday, October 1.—Mark xii., 28-34, 38-44.

Tuesday, October 2.—Matt. xxii., 34-46.

Wednesday, October 3.—Matt. xxiii., 13-26.

Thursday, October 4.—Matt. xxiii., 27-39.

Friday, October 5.—Deut. vi., 1-12.

Saturday, October 6.—Deut. x., 12-21.

Sunday, October 7.—Luke xx., 41-21: 4.

(By Davis W. Clark)

Handel, when composing his oratorio, 'The Messiah,' was found bathed in tears. What touched him was the prophet's words, 'He was despised.' The despising of Jesus was as evident in the temple as at the cross. And physical pains are not so severe to a spiritual soul as wounds inflicted upon that higher nature. Lowell says: 'Our modern martyrdoms are done in type.' So Jesus was crucified again and again before ever He came to the cross. We come now to the last onset of His despising critics.

It is led on by the Pharisees. They have heard of the bewildering defeat Jesus had given their rivals, the Sadducees: how, in a dialectical way, He had put an end to them forever. Now, if they, the Pharisees, could get the better of this brilliant young rabbi in debate, they would score a point against the Sadducees at the time that they blocked the way of a Teacher whose success meant the end of their system.

We can not know whether the questioner was disingenuous or not. To assert (Expositors) that the question was asked by 'a true man' 'a genuine inquirer,' is an assumption, and, at any rate, aside from the real point at issue. What the Pharisees wanted was to elicit from Jesus a sentiment, if possible, a categorical statement which could be used against Him in the trial for heresy impending.

The question itself illustrated the character of religion then current. It was technically gone to seed. Literalism had killed spirituality. There was such a batch of commandments that classification seemed imperative; so there were the little and great, light and weighty. And the question which was the chief of all was naturally much mooted. A spiritual virtue was not thought of. It was for some, washing hands; others, how to build a booth for the Feast of Tabernacles, or, at best, circumcision and keeping Sabbath.

The answer of Jesus has been called a miracle of genius, a flash of inspiration. He escaped the snare of the fowler. He allied Himself with no bickering faction. He carried the question over into an entirely new realm, where there are no disjointed commands and sacramental offices: but where there is a Life which gives continuity, vigor, and progress to the whole. With one splendid flash, as of a heavenly searchlight, Jesus discloses the permanent and fundamental element in religion—for all time and all people. Absent, it makes the Christian a heathen; present, it makes the heathen a Christian, though he may have never so much as heard of Christ. The disputatious coterie fades away. Jesus is speaking to the universal human heart. The man of to-day, technically rated as unbeliever, must recognize the divineness of this message, and, receiving it into an honest heart, must begin the life of love toward God and his fellows. And that is religion.

Too great technicality must be avoided in defining the manner of our loving God—viz., heart, soul, mind. It means, as Meyer aptly says, 'the complete, harmonious self-dedication of the entire inner man to God.' It seems worth while, however, to emphasize the fact that we can love God with the mind. It is to be feared that, as Phillips Brooks says, 'there are ignorant saints who come very near to God and live in the rich sunlight of His love; but none the less for that is their ignorance a detraction from their sainthood. Give your intelligence to God! Know all you can about Him!'

These two principles—love to God and love to man—from which all religion flows, must be consistent with one another, otherwise they could not both be principles of the same religion. (Homiletic.) Love to God is also love to His children, our fellow-men. (Geike.) Nothing is or ought to be esteemed religion that is not reducible to one or the other of these principles. (Sherlock.)

Now the questioned turned questioner. It was no Scripture conundrum, however. Jesus was really proffering them the clew of faith. If, with the spirit of teachableness, which is the prerequisite to entering all other kingdoms, as well as the kingdom of heaven, they had followed the thread, they would have escaped the labyrinth of Phariseeism. Alas! they loved the maze; and they would none of the leadership of Jesus. They would not welcome Him as Son of David and Son of God. So it ended with their finding themselves in the same plight as the Sadducees. But the mouths that were gagged might have been vocal with hosannas.

KEY AND ANALYSIS.

1. Jesus' moral agony: greater than physical; cause of it. Contradiction of sinners against Himself. Effort to entangle Him in His words. Refusal to accept Him or His message.

(1) Particular instance: Pharisees' covert attack. Effort to elicit a criminating statement. The chief commandment: mooted because of number and variety.

(2) Jesus' answer; partisanism avoided. Substance of religion, a Life. Characteristic of that Life—love; toward God, toward man.

II. Questioners questioned. No scripture conundrum proposed. A clew of faith proffered. Rejected. Questioners silenced.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Technicality in religion finds its burlesque in Phariseeism. They taught 613 commandments, one for each letter of the Decalogue; 365 of these were negative—one for each vein in the body, or day in the year. They also commanded (Numbers xv., 38) fringes to be worn on the corner of their tallith, bound with a thread of blue; each fringe had eight threads and five knots—thirteen; and the letters of the word tsitsith (fringes) makes 600 plus 13—613. Absurd! Yes, but so is salvation by legalism.

* * * *

No doubt, Jesus pointed to the shema which the lawyer wore in the phylactery between his eyes. How near, and yet how far, the answer was from the lawyer's mind!

* * * *

We are so familiar with the incident, we are apt to lose the power of it. How easily the answer seemed to glide from Jesus' lips! Yet, under most trying circumstances, it was the instantaneous enunciation to order of the fundamental principle of religion. It was a Scripture quotation. Yes, but from passages sundered far. (Deut. vi., Lev. xix.) And nowhere are they spoken of as the First and Second Commandments. Jesus' answer was no abstraction, but a concrete reality. 'He simplifies the whole sweep of the Ten Words in brief and easily remembered principles.' (Geike.) 'He sets out two great guiding stars which all the hosts of lesser commandments follow.' (Ibid.)

* * * *

St. Paul, in his noble Ode to Love, gives us the expansion of the commandments Jesus enunciated.

* * * *

Charles Kingsley says admirably. 'There can be no real love of God which is not based upon the love of virtue and goodness, upon what our Lord calls a hunger and thirst after righteousness.'

* * * *

These two commandments are the noble and sufficient guide of the religious life.

* * * *

On loving God with the whole heart, mind and soul, Burkitt quaintly remarks that the measure of loving God is to love Him without measure.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Oct. 7.—Topic—Christ's life. X. The commandments He left us; our obedience. John xv., 1-17. (Consecration meeting)

Junior C. E. Topic.

PERSEVERANCE.

Monday, Oct. 1.—Wait on God continually. Hos. xii., 4-6.

Tuesday, Oct. 2.—Seek his face continually. I. Chron. xvi., 11.

Wednesday, Oct. 3.—Continue in the word. John viii., 31.

Thursday, Oct. 4.—Continue in prayer. Rom. xii., 12.

Friday, Oct. 5.—Continue in well-doing. Rom. ii., 7.

Saturday, Oct. 6.—Continue in the faith. Acts xiv., 22.

Sunday, Oct. 7.—Topic—A lesson in perseverance. II. Kings xiii., 14-19. (Consecration meeting.)

The Before-school Opportunity.

If the primary teacher will come early enough, she will have a chance that she will enjoy, before school opens. Of course she is needed, with her assistants, as the children gather, to maintain order, attend to the seating, which is very important, and to charge the atmosphere from the beginning with the element of interest, enthusiasm, and friendliness which is essential to the happiest results. But in addition to the many incidentals which call for attention from the early-coming teacher, she will be able to have the dearest little talks with individual pupils as they arrive. There are always some who come early, even much ahead of time. These intimate little talks, as the teacher sits down in a little chair beside the scholar, are fruitful in opportunities. For instance, it is an excellent, a most desirable, plan to enlist children in nature study and in the habit of observation. The teacher can say to a child just seated, 'What did you see that God made, as you came along to-day?' Each season will furnish different questions and a varied sight-seeing as the children walk to school. It is well to encourage the bringing of leaves, twigs, even dry sticks, if they can be made to mean anything at all, and here is the teacher's chance to receive them and talk about them. The 'clutter' can be 'eliminated' in due time, but the ideas and impressions may be lasting. Children are often running over with things to tell which are not suitable to relate during lesson time, but a chance before school for a little overflow will relieve the pressure, prepare a place for the lesson, and prevent untimely interruptions with astonishing recitals far afield.—'Sunday School Times.'

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'Where are You Going, Young Man?'

Where are you going so fast, young man?
Where are you going so fast?
With a cup in your hand, a flush on your brow?
Though pleasure and mirth may accompany you now,
It tells of a sorrow to come by and by;
It tells of a pang that is sealed with a sigh;
It tells of a shame at last, young man—
A withering shame that will last.

Where are you going so fast, young man?
Where are you going so fast?
The flush of that wine there is only a bait,
A curse lies beneath that you'll find when too late;
A serpent sleeps down in the depth of that cup;
A monster is there that will swallow you up;
A sorrow you'll find at last, young man—
In wine there is sorrow at last.

There's a reckoning day to come, young man,
A reckoning day to come;
A life yet to live, and a death yet to die,
A sad, parting tear and a parting sigh,
A journey to take, and a famishing heart,
A sharp pang to feel from death's chilling dart,
Bitterest curse in that rum.

—'Temperance Leader.'

Milton's Verdict.

What more foul sin among us than drunkenness? And who can be ignorant that if the importation of wine and the use of all strong drinks were forbid, it would both clean rid the possibility of committing that odious vice, and men might afterwards live happily and healthfully without the use of intoxicating liquors—yet who is there, the severest of them all, that ever propounded to lose his sack, his ale, towards the certain abolishing of so great a sin? Who is there of them, the hollest, that less loves his rich canary at meals, though it be fetched from places that hazard the religion of them that fetch it, and though it make his neighbor drunk at the same time?—John Milton.

Hall Caine Speaks.

From the New York 'Herald's' report of an address given in New York recently, by Hall Caine, the noted English novelist, we take the following:—

'There is a trade which all civilized countries frankly recognize as dangerous, and, whether as cause or consequence, at the root of half the evils from which humanity suffers. Without it there is, speaking broadly, but little poverty or impurity or crime, and yet the nations of the world are constantly concerning themselves to protect and even foster it for the obvious reason that it is a great contributor to individual wealth and to the collective exchequer. I hold it a short-sighted policy which strives to build up the general welfare on the individual loss. For the millions that are made, whether for the public or the private purse, largely by means of the ruin of men, the sorrow of women, and the misery of children, are stained with blood and tears, and have a curse on every coin of them.

"Women and children are the chief sufferers by the trade of drink, and by the false and unchristian attitude of the nations with regard to it, and I look to the coming enfranchisement of women as the most powerful help toward removing the wrongs that attach to it. In nothing is it more true than on that tragic side of life which is concerned with drink and its consequences that it is 'the woman who pays.' And because woman, more than man, pays the price of the drink plague. I look to women to deal, when their time comes, the deathblow to a disease, of which I truly believe that if it could be wiped out to-night humanity would awake in the morning with more than half its sorrows and sufferings gone.'

Drink! Drink!! Drink!!!

Drink is the only terrible enemy which England has to fear.—Prince Leopold.

Drink is the mother of want and the nurse of crime.—Lord Brougham.

Drink is the fruitful source of crime and pauperism.—Father Mathew.

Drink is a greater destroying force than all other physical evils combined.—Henry Ward Beecher, D.D.

Drink baffles us, confounds us, shames us, and mocks us at every point. The public house holds its triumphant course.—London 'Times.'

Strong drink, by whatever name the demon is styled, in whatever way it presents itself—this prevents our success. Remove this obstacle, and our cause will be onward and our labors will be blessed.—John Bright.

'The Social Glass.'

(Frederick C. Coley, M.D., in the 'Temperance Leader.')

I am the more urgent in calling attention to the danger of alcoholic beverages needlessly used for medical purposes, because I am convinced, by experience, that this is the way in which most leakage takes place from the teetotal forces. To persons habituated to the use of alcoholic stimulants(whether in moderation or otherwise) the 'social glass' is commonly the strongest inducement to refuse to adopt the principle of abstinence, and recent converts to abstinence are in the greatest danger of relapsing under the same temptation. But it is quite otherwise with persons who have been brought up as total abstainers, or who have been teetotalers for many years. They are very rarely persuaded to take intoxicants in deference to social customs, which they have been in the habit of ignoring or condemning with all the eloquence they happen to possess. Nor are they willing to admit that they would give up long-cherished principles for the sake of mere personal gratification. But it very often happens that some form of alcoholic stimulant, first recommended as a remedy, comes to be taken habitually. The person who does this may have been formerly an active worker in the total abstinence cause, but he soon feels that there is some inconsistency between his practice and his teaching; and, unhappily, it is often easier to give up the teaching than the practice. And in this way many useful advocates are silenced, and every now and then there is a painful sequel to the history of what was once a very hopeful life.

Let it therefore be a well-recognized principle that alcoholic liquids are not to be used, even as medicine, when any other effectual remedy can be found.

No Hope for Me.

'My mother was wrong, my father was wrong,' a poor fellow said to me on Huddersfield platform one winter's night waiting for the mail train. I had been preaching in Leeds. I got hold of this poor fellow and I talked to him. He was a commercial traveller, and he said:

'It is no good to talk to me, sir; I am a drunkard,' and he looked like one and he smelt like one. 'The drink has got me by the throat, sir; no hope for me. My mother died of drink, my father died of drink; I was born with the liking in me.'

'Well,' I said, 'you can be born again, and this time with the liking out of you. Jesus undertakes your case; He is a match for you. He is a friend of sinners, He is the Saviour of sinners. If you were perfect you would not need Him. He died for those who are bad, and it does not matter how bad you are, Jesus Christ can grapple with your case; and though it may be difficult, He can make you a new creature, for He is a mighty Saviour. Do not blame your surroundings, because if you lived in a palace without a new heart you would make the palace a slum.'—Gipsy Smith.

A Perilous Custom.

This perilous custom of treating has spread very widely. When a customer has made a good purchase he is often invited by the merchant to go off to a restaurant or a bar-room for a bottle of wine to 'close up the bargain.' The drummers for commercial houses seek very often to win customers by polite invitations to a drinking resort, or to a theatre, or sometimes to haunts too vile to be mentioned. I know of a very affable salesman in a wholesale dry-goods establishment who became a dissipated man from having to invite customers to lunch with him over a bottle of wine! His employers set that bright young man to tempt other people, and he did it at the cost of his own character. The various athletic contests and inter-collegiate ball games are attended with an enormous amount of hard drinking; much of it takes the form of 'treating' by those who have won their games or their bets. It is not too much to say that a vast amount of intemperance, with its terrible results to purse, character and immortal souls can be traced directly to that cunning device of the devil which puts poison into a man's brain under the pretense of putting kindness into his heart. —Dr. Cuyler.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Be Patient.

(Mary F. Butts, in 'Good Cheer.')

Be patient, dear, and wisely guard
The lips' swift-opening door;
For sooner than you think the need
Of patience may be o'er.

Far better that you learn to bear
The faults that jar and fret,
Than that the lonely days to come
Be poisoned with regret.

How Things 'Began to be Different.'

(Anna Burnham Bryant, in 'Forward.')

'There it's clean now" said Mrs. Damon, standing off to survey the work of her hands, or the last end of it. 'The whole house is clean from the top to the bottom, and I only hope it'll stay so.'

Mrs. Damon had been married twenty-three years, and this was the twenty-second time she had 'done fall house-cleaning.' The house was built new when she came into it. The Damons were not a moving people. When they dropped into a place or a custom, they stayed in it. The unexpected never happened in that house. Everything (the neighbors said) 'looked like waxwork, and went like clock work.' It was very ungrateful in Virginia Jane to say what she had that morning.

'I do wish, mother,' she had snapped out, as she packed her luncheon basket, 'oh, don't I wish there was ever anything different at this house!'

'Why, what do you want, child?' cried her mother, looking sharply under the white napkin that covered a good, substantial luncheon, and a sensible one. 'Bread, caraway cookies, sliced meat, and an apple turnover. I don't see what more you want.'

'Tisn't more. It's different! And I ain't talking about lunches. It's everything. Josie Drinkwater has s'prises in her lunch—things she don't expect for. And they go to things—and have 'em! Oh, dear!'

'Oh, dear!' echoed her mother, indignantly, as the door closed. 'I don't see what ails the child. As if I didn't work my fingers to the bone to give 'em all a clean, comfortable home, with good food and good clothes, and plenty of 'em! As if their father didn't provide 'em good schooling and all the comforts of life and everything! As if——'

She suddenly broke off and, in her own phrase, 'pitched into' the day's work. No emotions ever interfered with that. She had a good, big 'stent' to finish before sundown.

When Mr. Damon came home from the potato field to get his dinner, he didn't hear his wife scurrying round, setting the last things on the dinner table. The table wasn't even set, and the only sound was Dick stamping about in his big boots and calling, impatiently, 'Mother! mother!' The little boys, like Jinny, had taken their dinner, and Maud Ella was on a visit to her grandmother's. Mother usually bustled about enough to keep the house from feeling desolate, no matter who was absent.

'Marm!—where be ye?' called the farmer, fretfully. A hollow voice answered him from the cellar, and both he and Dick went down there.

'It's my foot,' moaned his wife, as he picked her up at the bottom of the steep stairway. 'I went and spraint the ankle or somethin'. 'Tain't so much matter as if it wa'n't a clean from top to toe—the house. I mean; but what are all you hungry men folks going to do for d'nner?'

Father tucked her upon the lounge tenderly, and spoke gruffly.

'You 'tend to the foot end and I'll 'tend to the vittle end. Don't see what you had to go and put up such a caper as that for jest in potato-diggin' time!'

'Nor I, neither,' she moaned. 'You'll have to send for Maud Ella.'

'Send for nobody!' he answered. 'She's only one more to work for.'

'Then you'll have to get a girl. And, oh, my clean house-' groaned the immaculate housewife, foreseeing horror and havoc.

Neighbors cannot do everything. By the second morning, Mr. Damon was willing to listen to the universal advice and 'get a girl,' for it was very evident that there was no other way to do till such time as Mrs. Damon's foot became well enough to be stepped on. She came on the mail train from Boston, and the kind neighbor who found her came over and undertook to 'set her going.'

'I s'all do lofely!' said the pretty German maiden, after a few minutes careful watching, while a few things had been explained to her. 'I so sorry the kind mutter haf trouble. I vill help her so goot. And de leetle vones—ve vill cel-e-brate!'

Anything funnier than the laughing way in which she pronounced this last big word cannot be imagined. Her white teeth showed, and she patted Jinny on the shoulder, and popped a bit of plum cake into Bobby's open mouth as he happened to stand nearest of the staring group of children. 'Celebrate—that ees great 'Merican vort! I haf learn so mooch alreaty. My Mees Deexon, she always celebrate.'

The sentence ended with her infectious giggle, and the children chimed in for sympathy, Jinny especially. A happy thought thrilled through her. Surely this was 'something different.'

'You'll do, Hilda!' said the neighbor, warmly. 'You'll have a good time.'

'Yaas, ve vill haf goot time,' echoed the girl, joyfully, as the door closed. 'Goot times—dat is all of life. Goot times vhen you vork, and goot times when you play. Ve vill all haf de goot times togedder.'

Supper was so good that the children were clamorous for it, but Hilda put them by.

'De mutter first,' she said, with smiling reproach. 'She haf always vaited on eferybody. Now it iss her celebration.'

The hot waffles and poached eggs were carried to the low lounge while the supper waited, and Mrs. Damon stared like the children. Never in all her laborious, ministering life had she seen or known anything like it. Why, it was as good as being a queen! How pretty it was! How kind she looked! How good the children were to-night! What she said was:

'Seems good to eat something you ain't ben a-cooking!'

The farmer and his boys came in, and they praised the 'johnny cake' and the spicy gingerbread. Hilda beamed on all, but was less talkative than with the children. They were too hungry to notice. For two whole days they had lived on charity. That was always cold, rather scanty, and usually too sweet to be 'healthy.'

'To-morrow I'm six years old,' said Bobby, getting the hard knots out of his shoe at bedtime. 'No, you needn't help me. Big boys don't be helped. And any old rag man can have those things!' pointing disdainfully to his outer garments, which lay in a heap on the floor where he had thrown them. 'I shan't have to wear girl dresses any more. Mother said so.'

'Yes, you will, too, have to wear them,' said Jinny, shortly, throwing his gray flannel nightdress over him. 'Mother didn't finish making the buttonholes, and I don't know how, and her foot aches too much to-night to touch a one of 'em.'

'Oh, but I do know how to make the lofeliest buttonholes!' cried Hilda from the next room, where she was helping Maud Ella with her nightly hair-braiding. 'If you vill not scream so laut——'

'Mother will not let you. I don't believe,' said Jinny, and Hilda went to ask her.

'Why, you poor child, I don't want you to work night and day and between times!' said the worried mother, gratefully. 'Where did you learn to make buttonholes? He can wait one day, I guess, and not hurt him.'

'Oh, but to celebrate!' said Hilda, anxiously. 'It iss that he iss old to-morrow! Mees Deexon, she say it iss great shame not to celebrate on eferybody's birthday!'

'Well, if you can. I suppose he'd be happy as a king if you did. I promised him.'

So Hilda sat up and made buttonholes, and next morning they were all clumsily fastened by the happiest six-year-old boy in seven counties. Downstairs Hilda was busy getting breakfast for Mr. Damon and Dick and Dan, and all the rest of them, but she wasn't too busy to think of Bobby and get ready for him. How funny his place looked when he came tumbling down to breakfast! There was a file of doughnut men marching past his plate, and Mr. Damon laughed half a dozen good natured laughs when he saw the stack of brown-paper bundles on top of it, for the children had been stirred up by Hilda's thoughtfulness, and each had brought a token of affection for her to 'fix' for them. Jinny's contribution was a very realistic snapping turtle, which, being newly wound up, suddenly burst its paper-and-string environment and began walking or crawling all over the table. This, of course, led to shrieks of laughter from the children, and Bobby's birthday was a success from the very first letter.

'Oh, I wish we could have a birthday every day!' sighed Jinny, as they were going to bed. 'And Hilda to be in it. She's the laughingest kind of a girl! But you wasn't born but once a year—nobody is, 'less they're twins, o' course; but it's an awful long time to wait for another one. I wish they was more birthdays to have good times in.'

'Vy, you haf a lot!' cried Hilda, over hearing. 'Seex shildren, and de fader and mutter——'

'And you, Hilda! You must say you!'

'And the vashervowan that come to help make all clean. Shee poor voman with many, many shildren!' said Hilda, twinkling all her ten fingers illustratively. 'Efery von haf a birthday! Eferybody haf von!'

Hilda said this impressively, as if it must be a new thought to the children. In a sense it was. Not one of them had ever happened to think before that poor, slatternly Mrs. McMullins had any children, much less that they had birthdays to be remembered. In a day's time Hilda had found out all about it. It set them thinking enthusiastically.

'There is the boy that brings in the paper!' said Virginia Jane, thoughtfully. 'Wouldn't it be fun to find out and hand him something—done up, you know, in a lot of funny brown paper and strings, any quantity of 'em?'

Hilda nodded understandingly, and the children vied with each other in thinking up other people who had birthdays.

'And besides of that, the neighbors!' she said at last, when they stopped for breath and looked at her suggestively. 'Mees Deexon, she say all people like be think about, and mos' efery house haf some seek von to make ox-cuse, or else dere be accident, maybe—somebody get hurt hisself. Always some goot reason to be a little kind. De bresent iss noting, you understand; it iss the goot vill that makes happy.'

'Hilda!' came a faint call from the front room, where Mrs. Damon was resting after the doctor's visit.

Hilda sprang up from the floor, where she had been untying hard knots while she talked with the children. Her round face wore a most comical look of contrition.

'We haf tire out de poor, sick mutter!' she murmured, disappearing down the dark stairway.

'What are you doing, Hilda?' asked Mrs. Damon, wistfully.

'Talking!' confessed Hilda, honestly and bravely. 'I forget. I should be shame.'

'Why should you ashamed? I heard all you said. I want to ask you——'

'Oh, no, you ned not to ask!' protested Hilda. 'I s'all be more careful. I will nefer, nefer wake you up with more foolish talking.'

'Perhaps I need to be waked up!' murmured Mrs. Damon, half to herself. Then aloud, 'I want to ask you who this Mrs. Dixon is you talk about so much.'

'She my meenister's vife—where I leev before I come here.'

'She was a very good woman, I suppose,'

said Mrs. Damon, with a curious accent of envy.

'She Christ woman!' said Hilda, simply.

'What do you mean by that?'

'Christ woman—you know? Be in Christ church—help along—do Christ way all the time—in eferydings.'

'Oh, a Christian! A good many women are Christians, but they don't all seem like what you make her out. I don't know any women that think about their neighbors and the butcher and the baker and the candlestick-maker the way you set her out. I don't know what you can mean by it!'

'Mrs. Damon's tone was excited and almost fretful. Many new thoughts were worrying her.

'Oh, but she was different!' beamed Hilda.

Something in the word smote Mrs. Damon to the heart. That was what Virginia Jane was fretting for—something 'different'!

'Hilda! Hilda!'

'Go see what those children want, will you? And once you get 'em between the sheets, if you ever do, come back to me. I've got some things I want to—see about.'

Hilda did not know, but it hurt Mrs. Doman worse than a sprained ankle to say that much. Strange things were happening, indeed. A capable New England housewife and mother consulting with her 'help'—and German or Dutch or some other outlandish thing at that—about how to bring up her children and manage her family! It was worse than a sprained ankle. But Mrs. Damon was too good a New England Spartan to shrink at a pain—even a pride-pain. When Hilda came back, she had a question all ready for her:

'What did you mean by saying your Mrs. Dixon was "different"? Different from what?'

'Vrom dose ladies you speak apout,' said Hilda, promptly. 'I not know any dose kind. Mees Deexon real 'Merican kind—true Christ woman!' said Hilda, generalizing from her one specimen known and loved in her one year out of the Fatherland. 'I tink all 'Merican women like dat—not so? Make efery day holiday for somepody? Lofe church abofe all ting? Fill oop dere house oop with seek and poor beeples dat no more can efer pay dem back again? Dat the Christ way, Mees Deexon say. She like all time someting going on!'

'That what Virginia Jane is always harping on!' muttered Mrs. Damon. 'She says we're so dull here.'

'She haf a guest room,' went on Hilda, in a tone of loving remembrance. 'It vas always ready for Christ's folks—that what she calls them—you know what I mean! His bruders and his sisters, or maybe mutter und fader. So house never empty—never dull. Always somepody coming and going. This day missionary—some oder time little cripple child, then some girl want place to stay awhile. One time she know missionary woman, going off ofer sea, no nice dress to wear, seek, too, and tired, no mooch money. She say, "Come here to my house. I be mutter to you. I make you nice dress to wear." So she come, and stay whole week—two week. Mees Deexon make her many, many dress,' said Hilda, twinkling her ten fingers earnestly in her usual gesture, 'many oder ting, trunkful, with lofely stitches! Send her 'way so happy!'

'I am a Christian woman, Hilda!' said Mrs. Damon, bent on confession. She didn't say 'a Christ woman'; somehow that seemed like claiming more than she dared claim in face of Hilda's artless portrait.

'Yaas,' said Hilda, calmly. 'I been sure you 'Merican lady.'

'Not that kind. I never have had any guest room—like that you tell about.'

'So? I lofe to help you feex one!'

'You know I never had any missionaries to my house, nor Woman's Auxiliaries, and they've asked me more times than you could shake a stick at, nor any Junior Mission Circles that Maud Ella could belong to—seemed to me I couldn't bear to have 'em littering up the front room with all their patches and barrel-packin'—and the cradle roll folks never got me on their roll, though they've come round reg'lar for the last ten years every time I had anybody in a cradle, and—well, there! you better go right back to your Mrs. Dixon just as fast as you can, for there's no use pretending I'm her style of a Christian, nor yourn, either. I might jest as well out with it and be done with it. I'll let ye go right off, the minute I can set foot on the floor. You'd only be disappointed in me, and I can't stand it.'

Hilda stood still in the middle of the floor, with her plump hands clasped in front of her, and her round, beaming face softening into a look of sorrowful perplexity.

'My Mrs. Deexon, she dead!'

'Oh!' said Mrs. Damon, sharply.

'The meenister say, "Her Master was not villing she should be so far from Him any longer." So now I come to lif with you. I be sure you make meestake. I know you Christ woman, only you seek and tired and trouble! I be sure you true Christ woman!'

Hilda's tone was pleading. Her eyes were bright and anxious. Looking up into them, a sudden resolve came into Mrs. Damon's heart, and she spoke out with her usual decision.

'Hilda, I am! I guess I kind o' ben mistaken right along. You jest wait till I get up and round a spell! I'll tell that Woman's Auxiliary they can meet to my house any time they take a notion, if it's every other time runnin'. And I'll take my turn entertaining the delegates. I'll set you to fixing up that guest room to-morrow. There's two other rooms good enough for comp'ny. This is to be—His room!'

A wonderful, soft, happy feeling stole into her heart with those last two softly-spoken words. Mrs. Damon herself did not understand it, but the joy of it shone in her face. As for Hilda, her face gave back joy for joy; as if it had been a great moon-faced reflector.

'Goot!' she cried. 'I vill hurry oop and get through all my work, and I s'aal be hands to you vhile you plan and vork inside your head, and I vork outside!'

'Now you may call Jinny,' said Mrs. Damon, sinking back on her couch, from which she had half risen in her excitement.

'What is it, mother?' asked Jinny, duily, entering the room at Hilda's summons. 'Does it ache more than it did 'fore supper?'

'Nothin' aches!' said Mrs. Damon, unconscious, in her mood of exultation, of any untruthfulness. 'I wanted to say to you, Virginia Jane, that I've changed my mind about some things, and if you want a Junior s'ciety, you can have one, and have the first meetin' meet here for all I care. and——'

'Mother Damon!' cried Jinny, in a shrill little scream of delight.

'And,' pursued her mother, in her old, masterful tone, which, despite all change of base, would always be hers to the end of the chapter, 'as fur as havin' the Busy Bees pack their Christmas barrel in the settin' room, I'm willin', and you may put on your hat and get Dick to go with you over to the minister's house and tell him so. I said I wouldn't, but I will.'

'O mother!' breathed Jinny, joyfully. The Minister's wife just felt awfully when you said "No" to her that day. I know she'll just about hug you now. We've got such a beautiful place for such things—and you're such a beautifl mother!'

The last words were whispered, with a double kiss at the end of them, as Jinny stooped over the couch an instant before she ran to get Dick and her hat and jacket.

'I do believe things are going to be different!' she said, as Dick waited for her while she buttoned up her jacket. 'Seems as if mother never cared about giving anything to the church, or having any church things over here or anything. And now she acts just 's if she'd like to give everything she'd got and herself into the bargain. 'Tis kind o' giving herself to let folks come tramping into her clean house—mother's the nicest housekeeper in town, that I know, and everybody says so. And now she's going to be the nicest—mother! Isn't it just beautiful? We'll have a jolly Christmas! If it's more blessed to give than to receive, mother'll git it fifty times over, for there isn't ever any half-way about mother. If she gives at all, she gives all over. O Dick, I do believe from this night on things are going to begin to be different!'

The children were talking on the front doorstep, just outside of mother's window. Every word came in to her hungry ears like music.

'I'm going to begin to be different!' she whispered, prayerfully. 'Just fix that pillow under my foot there, will you, Hilda? There, that'll do for to-night. Go get some good sleep, and to-morrow I'll send you up garret to the big cedar chest by the window. There's a heap o' things might just as well go into that Christmas barrel when they're packin' it, and do some good in the world. Some of 'em are good enough for the Queen o' Sheby, if she was cold an' it was winter weather.'

'Chreestmas? Do you begin so soon for Chreestmas? Dat vas anoder birthday! I must tell the shildren! Dat iss the whole world's birthday for efery one to celebrate!' said Hilda, tucking the hurt foot un tenderly. 'Now I be sure you Christ woman! I haf certain sign. My Mees Deexon, she say Christ woman that vay always—glad to be all time giving.'

Think it Over.

If a record could be given of all the trouble which comes to us in a life, I think it would be found that one-half has arisen from what was only anticipated, but never actually realised. If you and I were to spend a little time in reviewing our past lives, I am sure we would see that the things about which we fretted most, and which, more than aught else, damped our spirits, and took the sunshine out of our existence, were things which never occurred. And, on the other hand, we would see that the things which brought us most joy were those about which we had worried least of all, and came unexpectedly.

Strange to say that, while in regard to most other things we learn by experience, and personally cease doing what we see to be worse than useless, this is not the case in regard to fretting. For, notwithstanding all that experience has taught us of the utter folly of the habit, we continually repeat that folly from time to time.

Look you a little at your own experience and see whether or not this is true.

Helpful Hints.

One of the most potent aids in relieving a nervous headache is a generous bowl of hot soup, or, better yet, broth containing hot milk, such as oyster stew or clam bouillon. This hot, stimulating liquid draws the blood from the brain, as well as giving nourishment and strength to throw off the derangement. Hot drinks, simple food and mustard foot baths are infinitely preferable to drugs and more efficacious in the long run.

A professional picture hanger says the way to make nails and screws hold firmly in the plaster of a wall is to enlarge the hole made by the screw, moisten the edge of the plaster thoroughly with water, then fill the space with plaster of Paris, pressing the screw into the soft plaster. The latter hardens around the screw or nail and keeps it in place. But the only really secure method is to screw into a lath or something solid behind the plaster.

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For the Little Ones.

Do the mothers of restless little children, who must stay in the home through the cold weather days, know the possibilities of a handful of soaked peas, a box of tooth picks, and a lump of tough clay? Kindergarten teachers make use of such articles, and I have known little ones who cared more for these simple things than for their expensive toys. Soak the peas until they are soft, and stick the tooth picks in to form all sorts of shapes, skeleton houses, geometrical forms, wheels, etc. From the clay, household implements may be made, shovels and hoes, pans and cups and tea kettles, even dolls. If the clay has a very little glycerine in the water in which it is mixed, it will remain moist, and may be used dozens of times, without losing its charm, for where is the child who does not love to make mud pies?

Religious Notes.

Very similar to the Welsh revival is the spiritual awakening now showing itself in Madagascar. One of the peculiar features of this work is the ministry of the women; they have been used wonderfully in testimony, prayer and the winning of souls. 'In the Betsileo district,' writes Mrs. Rowlands, of the London Missionary Society, 'many hundreds have decided for Christ. But what we value even more is the deepening of the spiritual life of the believers.' The native Christians are throwing themselves most earnestly into the work of evangelization. The latest report describes 'four wonderful days,' during which a company of evangelists visited village after village and found in them all a most remarkable work going forward, the people being much as they were in Wales during the revival last year. They were physical manifestations like those seen in Wales, and during the revivals under Nettleton and Edwards, but there were great searchings of heart and confessions of sin, with manifest repentance and many conversions. In one typical place there was a crowded meeting where an old Betsileo man, a recent convert, spoke most simply and effectively.

Whether or no religious beliefs have had their full share in the recent enactments on the observance of the Lord's Day throughout the world, all Christians must be deeply thankful for the progress made. It is of the greatest interest to hear that China has stepped into line on this matter. The 'Christian Intelligencer' says: 'Now comes the news that Sir Shentung Liang Ching, the Embassador of China to the United States, has received a despatch from Pekin announcing the promulgation of an edict requiring the observance of the Sabbath throughout the Chinese Empire. It also decreed that in all countries where the Lord's Day is observed the representatives of the Empire shall close their offices for business on that day.' 'The Watchman' observes that 'In connection with the similar decree promulgated several months ago in Japan, and with the strict laws for Sabbath observance adopted in Canada and France, this decree marks a step in Sabbath observance unequalled in history.'

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Selected Recipes.

DEEP CUSTARD PIE.—Allow two beaten eggs and a level tablespoon of cornstarch to three cups of milk. Add three rounding tablespoons of sugar, a pinch of salt, and a few gratings of nutmeg. Line a deep plate, fill with custard, and bake slowly. When the custard is smooth and firm take from the oven. Overcooking spoils a custard pie.—'Inter Ocean.'

GOOD DOUGHNUTS.—Measure four cups of sifted pastry flour, then sift again with a level teaspoon of salt and four level teaspoons of baking powder, one-half level teaspoon of mixed spice, and three-quarters cup of sugar. Mix with one egg and one cup of milk and a teaspoon of melted butter. Instead of the sweet milk and the baking powder use a cup of sour milk and one-half a level teaspoon of soda. Do not dissolve the soda, but sift it well with the flour. The egg should never be omitted from doughnuts, for it makes them lighter and prevents soaking fat. The spices preferred are cinnamon or a little nutmeg or lemon flavoring. Sometimes a mixture of two-thirds cinnamon and one-third allspice is used. Drain doughnuts on brown paper and then roll in powdered sugar.—Chicago 'Inter-Ocean.'

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